From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your fathers leave? what ſayes *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave,
By labourſome petition; and at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I doe beſeech you give him leave to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.
But now my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſſe than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord; I am too much in the ſonne.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common all that lives muſt dye,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not ſeems,
'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could ſmother,
Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemne blacke,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forc't breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all formes, moods, ſhapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely; theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſes ſhew,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father.

But you muſt know your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſurviver bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowes; but to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe, 'tis unmanly griefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh oppoſition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt coarſe till he that died to day,
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobility of love
Than that which deareſt father beares his ſonne
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*;
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Here in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt Courtier, couſin, and our ſonne.
Que. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers *Hamlet*:
I pray thee ſtay with us, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you Madame.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply.
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*. Madame come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that *Denmarke* drinkes to day
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell,